The Dorinda

August

A.S. XXVIII

This is the August 1993 issue of *The Dorinda*, published by and for the members of the Shire of Caer Galen (Boulder, Colorado),Society for Creative Anachronism Inc. It is not a corporate publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism Inc (SCA) and does not delineate SCA policies. *The Dorinda* may return any submission that mentions or implies anything illegal or any item not in the spirit of the Current Middle Ages (e.g., items not concerning the SCA and/or not of interest to SCA members). Subscriptions are available from the Chronicler or the Reeve for $7.00/12 issues; make checks payable to SCA-Caer Galen. The Reeve also maintains the mailing labels and list of addresses/phone numbers of the shire; contact the Reeve to get a copy of this list or to update your address.

Submissions for *The Dorinda* are due NO LATER THAN the third Wednesday of the month (so you can bring it to Fighting Practice, gang!) For the eternal gratitude of the chronicler, type copy in black ink on white paper, in 4 and 1/2 inch columns. If you could care less about gratitude, any legible form will do, including e-mail. Please inform the chronicler of any corrections as soon as possible.

August

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2 Sewing Circle	3 Shire Meeting	4 Fighting Practice	5	6	7 KINGDOM A&S
8	9 Sewing Circle	10 Dance Practice	11 Fighting Practice	12 CSF DEMO	13	14 THREE HAWKS
15	16 Sewing Circle	17	18 Fighting Practice	19	20	21 FARMER'S MKT DEMO
22	23 Sewing Circle	24 Dance Practice	25 Fighting Practice	26	27	28 TEA-HOUSE
29	30 Sewing Circle	31	Coming in September: War of the Roses Highland Games ... and more!			

Also in August:

6-22 Pennsic - The Debated Lands
21 Unser Haven Grand Tournament
28 Favor Tourney - Dragonspine

Dorinda deadline 18 August - Give to Otto - I'll be at the War!

From the Chronicler

Unto the good and noble populace of Caer Galen do I, branwynn ottersby, send warm salutation. For those of you who have not yet met me, allow me a moment of introduction. I wear my hair short, in the Welsh fashion; I fight heavy weapons; and I can usually be found in the vicinity of one or two red-headed tornadoes, these being my lord, Otto the Obscure, and our son, Ledlie of Hidden House. We are originally from Atlantia, by way of a three-year stay in Ansteorra, and settled here in Caer Galen one year ago. If you would like to know anything else, feel free to come up and talk to me.

Now, down to business. This month's *Dorinda* is coming out a bit later than usual because I wanted to make certain that everyone had a chance to find me. From now on, the deadline for submissions will be the third fighting practice (I mean Wednesday, how silly of me) of the month. This should allow sufficient time for heaps of articles to be composed, and you will always be able to find either myself or my lord at fighting practice. Failing that, you are encouraged to send submissions to my e-mail account or regular address. I love artwork and creative submissions, and I welcome suggestions. Thank you for your support.

In service I remain,

branwynn

From Caer Galen's Mistress of the Lists:

As our shire has yet another of its citizens move to the big city (or should I say barony), I find myself looking for a deputy once again. If you have been wanting to get more involved and learn about how the fights are fought, I have just the position for you. It's fun, with plenty of fringe benefits. Please contact me for more information: Lady Katya Ana Sylvan, c/o Catherine Bajc, 480 West Street, Louisville, CO 80027; 665-7796.

Colorado Shakespeare Festival Demo

Date: Thursday, August 12, 1993
Time: Please be there at **6:45 p.m.** - we will begin the demo at **7:00 p.m.**
The demo will conclude at 8:00 p.m.

Activities will include Heavy and Light fighting, dancing including Gathering Peascods, Picking Up Sticks, Rufty Tufty, and Solinger's Round, spinning, embroidery, heraldry, music, and anything **you** have to offer!

Please wear good-looking garb, bring water (it's easier than having to go find a water fountain), and come prepared to talk to audience members. Remember that everyone is "on show" even when individuals are not actively performing. Play to the crowd!

More participants are needed, especially Heavy fighters. Please contact Lady Francesca di Pavia (Meg Baron) at (303) 581-9814 for questions or to volunteer.

Caer Galen Fall College Demo - 1993

Dates to Remember:

- CU Boulder Fall Semester Begins **August 25th**, 1993

- War of the Roses is **September 4-6**th, 1993 (We hope).

- CU Memorial Center Booth occupation (ALL DAY)
  Sign up to occupy the booths on **September 7 (Tuesday) & September 10 (Friday)**. We'll need volunteers for 1 or 2 hour shifts, from the morning to the evening. Yes this is a work day, but we need to see what we can do. By occupying on Tuesday we see the Tuesday-Thursday crowd, and coincidentally, by manning a booth on Friday we see the Monday-Wednesday-Friday crew.

- Mini Demo, in conjunction with fighter practice, in the late afternoon-evening on **September 8 (Wednesday)** as follow-up to previous days booth activity. @ the Faire and Field (next to Folsom Stadium), instead of Scott Carpenter Park

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- Full Demo, and hopefully a Caer Galen Gathering, ~~on Saturday the 10th.of September Starting at 11:00am, at the Field and Faire on campus.~~ Due to scheduling conflict with the men in plastic armour and black and gold livery from CU, the full demo has been moved to **Sunday, 26 September**, starting at 12:30.

- People to Remember:
  Jalut/Guy @ 665-7796; Rhiannon/Theresa @ 786-3456

- What else to Remember:
  Hopefully, the week of work will pay off with new, excited people playing the SCA game. To carry this off, though, we need wonderful, smiling, volunteers. People to put up flyers, man the booths, and come to the mini and full demos. The full demo could happen in conjunction with a Caer Galen Gathering. For the Demos, we'll need a master of ceremonies also.

SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT:
Finally, if 2 heavy and 2 light fighters would talk to me (Jalut) about forming the Caer Galen Five Man Flying Fighter Demo Squad for this Spring and Summer, I promise we'll have tons of fun. We might even work it into the Fall semester.

To get a hold of me by Email: guyw@uswest.com.
By phone:665-7796

We'll say thank you now, in case we forget later.

FARMER'S MARKET DEMO
CAER GALEN
AUGUST 21

The shire of Caer Galen will host a Demo at the Boulder Farmer's Market on August 21 from 8 AM to 2 PM. The Farmer's Market will be in full swing in late August, with possibly 5000 or more people in attendance.

We will prepare an Elizabethan PicNic as a demonstration for the public. Our meal will include items bought fresh that day from the Market. SCA members will eat the food for lunch. We will erect a tripod over a grill with wood fire to do some cooking with. The menu is likely to include salat, herbed goat cheese, bread, soup, grilled meat, and fresh fruit and a drink. Cost will be 3$ per person. We will take a headcount at 8:30 for meal reservations, if you plan to arrive later, please let the autocrat know you to reserve a lunch spot.

We will demonstrate Renaissance dancing several times during the demo. Contact Lady Francesca for information on dancing and dance practice. (581-9814.)

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Anyone willing to demonstrate domestic arts such as embroidery, spinning, wood carving, is encouraged to join us. We would also appreciate display items such as chests, embroideries, metal work, yarns, weavings, baskets and so on.

There will be an information table with Dorindas (and other local newletters if someone brings them) handouts, Known World Handbooks, and local cookbooks. I would also like to have a selection of period cookbooks for people to leaf through.

We will have a canvas tent for display items and a canvas shade for the cooking area set up in Central Park adjoining the Farmer's Market area..

We will set up at 7 AM, and teardown at 2 PM. Please bring: Arts and Science items to display, rugs and nice feast ware for the lunch. Banners. The theme of the Demo is late period/Elizabethan, but please come anyway even if you don't have garb from that era.

DIRECTIONS: The Farmer's Market is held on 13th St. between Arapahoe and Canyon streets in Boulder. From Caerthe or Unser Hafen, come into Boulder on 28th St (US 36). Turn west on Canyon (by the Crossroads Shopping Mall), or Arapahoe and proceed to 14TH ST to park.

We are looking forward to seeing you there. Autocrat: Elizabeth Freemountain. H. 442-3421. W. 443-3350.

A Night (Knight?) in the East

September 25, 1993

Plattefordham Shire

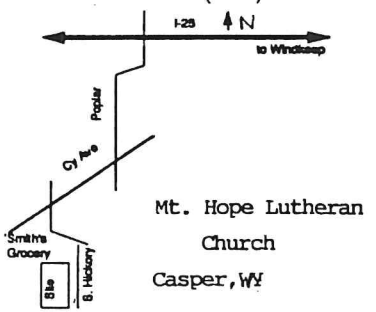
Tired of the hot summer campaigns? Ready to wind down for the cool of the winter? Well, if not, come and enjoy a Night (Knight?) in the East with us on Yom Kippur, September 25, at Plattefordham Shire for a day of fighting, archery, fencing, bardic, and fun. With an evening of feasting, dancing, singing, and bad puns.

The site, Mount Hope Lutheran Church (2300 S. Hickory, Casper, WY), will be open at 10 a.m. We will also be offering an arts and science demo/competition (no documentation needed), and various contests with prizes on the theme Medieval Eastern Europe.

Site fee $3, Feast fee $5, under 12 half-price, under 3 free.

Autocrat:
Lord Aelfraed Hawkmoon
Mike Baden
1818 Cody
Casper, WY 82604
(307) 265-0412

Feast Autocrat:
Lady Ysabeau Beaclerc
Beth Christy
637 E 12th
Casper, WY 82601
(307) 265-6738



Teachers Needed for Culinary Collegium

This fall, on October 23, I will be autocratting the Caerthen Arts and Sciences Collegium. I plan to concentrate on the culinary arts (including brewing, stillroom, herbcraft, or other related arts). I would like to offer a wide variety of classes, both lecture and hands-on (we have a large kitchen available), but to do this, I must have teachers. I know there are many, many wonderful cooks throughout our kingdom with knowledge to share.

Classes I would like to see: Basic "Feastocratting"; Brewing Class (lecture only as site is VERY dry); Documentation & Sources; Period Cooking Utensils; Renaissance Italian; Mid-Eastern; Far-Eastern; Cooking for 200; Cooking SAFETY; Tourney Cooking; Herbcraft... the list goes on and on. This is only a sample; by all means, call me if you wish to teach something not mentioned here.

If you would like to teach a class or otherwise assist, please contact me:

Mistress Katherine Holford (Marie Heuser)
9825 E. Girard Ave. #6W 407
Denver, CO 80231
(303) 751-5418

I must hear from all interested teachers no later than August 31. Also, I would like to have a copy of handouts at that time, so a booklet containing information on all classes offered could be available. (There will be money budgeted for the classes actually preparing food, which will be served at the revel in the evening.)

Greetings to the populace of the Outlands:

Iarla Irel and the shire of Caer Galen invite you to a weekend of tourney and feasting in the Japanese style.

Whereas I have planned a weekend to study the finer arts of the Japanese culture, the shire insists on visiting the seamier side of the Oriental lands. With this in mind, understand that I stand before you a beaten man. The rapant decadence of the shire has prevailed; thus the name of this event:

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE HOT AUGUST MOON

Combining the debauchery of the hot August knights events and the class and sophistication of the Japanese classics should give something for everyone. Classes in cooking, sushi making, Oriental armor and garb construction are planned. There will be a progressive tourney where the farther you advance in the tourney the more items you'll be getting. The prize for the winner will be an entire place setting and tea set.

Once again The Inn of the Pickled Samurai shall fling open its doors and welcome those stout of heart and limb who wish to revel the night away. So please come join us on the 27th and 28th of August. Put these unruly members of the shire in their place (in the saki barrel)!!

The site is Windhover cliffs in Caer Galen (map elsewhere in this issue). Camping will be open after 5:00 pm Friday evening. Site and feast fees are still being determined, but every attempt will be made to keep these to a bare minimum. If you're interested in teaching classes, entertaining or helping in any way, please let me know.

Autocrat: Iarla Irel Krist of Starre Inn (Bryan Starry),
244 South Cleveland Ave., Louisville CO 80027, (303) 666-9690.
Feast: Baroness Katherine Holford

The Un-Classifieds

HELP WANTED

Deputy needed for Caer Galen Mistress of the Lists. No experience necessary -- will train. Learn the fine art of list management! Excellent benefits, including shade, table, writing implements, flirtatious (and possibly sweaty) fighters, and heralds at your beck and call at most tourneys. Be the center of attention at the next tournament you attend! Contact Lady Katya Ana Sylvan at 665-7796.

Enthusiastic volunteers still wanted for the Colorado Shakespeare Festival Demo, Fall Demo, and Teahose of the Hot August Moon - contact the applicable autocrat; see event announcements elsewhere in newsletter.

FOR SALE

Updates to Roll of Arms are available for the mere price of $3, while they are available. Contact Lady Francesca di Pavia at 581-9814.

Subscriptions to the fine shire newsletter, the *Dorinda* are STILL AVAILABLE (imagine that!) at the low, low price of $7 for 12 issues! Contact the chronicler or the reeve (see inside back cover).

PENNSIC DATABASE

We are planning to keep a pseudo-database of those travelling to Pennsic (who, planned date of departure, planned date of arrival, etc.) as both an assistance to travellers and a tracking aid. We will also try to coordinate people who need a ride/stuff needs a ride with those who have space. Call branwynn or Otto at 786-0996.

Unser Hafen Grand Tournament

On August 21 Unser Hafen will host a Grand Tournament at the Ft. Collins New West Fest Celebration. This will be held at the Ft. Collins Library Park at 201 Peterson. The Grand Tournament will really be a demo, but we will be really running it as a series of tournaments and friendly competitions. The tournaments will be fashioned after the style of period tournaments (unfortunately without horses) and will be run in a period manner. Bring your best field garb, work, and manners because we wish to really look good to the community!

We will be holding three heavy weapons lists.

The first will be a "Master at Arms" list. Each round will be fought with a different weapon or style. The winner of this tournament will be titled the "Master at Arms" for the Grand Tournament. To enter you must have a shield displaying your arms in the same size as required for the last few crown tournaments. In the neighborhood of 6" x 10" is just fine.

The second tournament will be to determine the King and Queen of the fair and will be heralded as such during the Highland Games festival in September. Only fighters with consorts are eligible to fight in this tournament and must promise to be at Highland Games on the Saturday and Sunday September 11th and 12th. Your tickets to the Games will be free and your only commitments will be to lead the SCA in the parade on Saturday morning and "sit in state" for some period of time on both days.

The third tournament will be the infamous "Ransom Tournament" where teams get together to fight and ransom the most fighters during the last pan of the day. The winners will be the ones with the most "money" at the end of the tournament.

We are also planning to have an arts and sciences display for the mundane visitors to judge and a bardic and performing arts competition running all day. Prizes will be awarded for each of these competitions as well.

The tournaments will run all day on Saturday with breaks for the fighters to rest and review the day's deeds so far. We are planning to have food and drink available at cost for lunch and snacks. There is no revel planned afterwards, though some will no doubt spring up spontaneously.

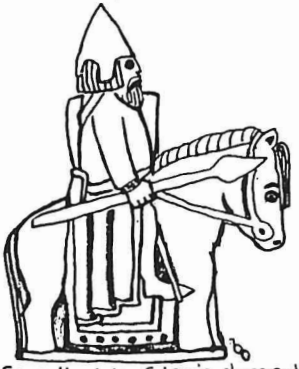
More details about the prizes, times, and maps will appear in next month's newsletter. We will be attempting to create the atmosphere of a period medieval tournament, so looking good is of the highest order. We hope to see you there!

Autocrat: Sir Kevin (Dennis Clark),
1500 W. Prospect Rd., Ft. Collins CO 80526, (303) 221-0850

Grand Chess

The following is reprinted with permission from a posting on the net:

Extracted from Salamallah's Medieval Games.
Described by Alphonso the Wise.
Board is 12 by 12.



From the Isle of Lewis chess set

R	Li	Gi	U	Cr	Gr	K	Cr	U	Gi	Li	R
P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P
P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P	P
R	Li	Gi	U	Cr	Gr	K	Cr	U	Gi	Li	R

R = Rook; Moves any distance orthogonally (i.e., like a modern rook).
Li = Lions; Orthogonal leap of three.
Gi = Giraffe; Four steps orthogonally plus one to the side, like a long knight's move.
U = Unicorn; First move is a knight's move, but may not capture; subsequent moves are a modern bishop's move and may capture.
Cr = Crocodile; Moves any distance diagonally (i.e., like a modern bishop).
Gr = Griffin; Each move is one step diagonally followed by any distance orthogonally.
K = King; One step in any direction.
P = Pawn; Moves one step forward and takes diagonally one step forward. On reaching the last rank, it promotes to the piece that started on that square, unless it was the king's square when the pawn promoted to a griffin. [Ed's note: This was how the previous sentence was posted on the net - it makes more sense this way: "...unless it was the king's square; then the pawn is promoted to a griffin." Do as you see fit.]

- There is no castling.
- Checkmate is a superior victory. A bare king is an inferior victory. Two bare kings are a draw.

Alphonso stated that grand chess could be played with eight-sided dice or with long dice (four sided). {Salamallah becomes incoherent at this point} Conceptually you can only move the type of piece that corresponds to the number rolled or a pawn. Using mulitple dice allows you to change the probability of moving each type. Using dice is a wonderful antidote to skill but does not otherwise improve the game.

Fiacha
Kingdom Gamesmaster to AnTir.

This message is an official message from the office and may be freely copied and or reprinted.

The Sporadic Verses - an epistle in n parts

Being a Satire of nothing in particular

Fixes Parking Tickets, gets you a Peerage

From the civic minded pens of
Louis-Philippe Mitouard and
Alexandre Lerot d'Avigne

Episode the Ninth

Chapter Twenty-one

Running across the throne room of the Villain's lair, Queen Barbie looked back again, just to make sure no one was pursuing her as she ran for the exit. Far from pursuing, the Villain, still sitting on his throne at the back of the large cave, waved his hands at her to shoo her out, without pausing in his monologue. He was reading his plan for world conquest directly from the sample presented in the COMPLEAT IMPERIALIST, as his own plan had run out several hours ago. Robin and Hawk were both slumped in positions of feigned sleep hoping to encourage Barbie's escape. Even so, it had taken her awhile to work up to this rather insipid dash for freedom.

Just as she was about to escape, Barbie stopped suddenly, then turned, waved and blew the Villain a kiss - he seemed a nice enough evil person. She then adjusted her dress and tottered at high speed for the door.

Robin cocked a dapper eye, "Is she gone, Sven?"

The PELICAN seneschal, for indeed, it was he, looked up from his CI. "Why, yes, I suppose she is! Thank heaven, I had almost gotten to the end of the sample plot. Hawk...Hawk...HAWK!" The sleeping agent rose up with a jerk. "Carry word of the success of our stratagem to the Unter-Plot-Fuhrer." Hawk nodded then hurried off. "Robin, to the PELICAN cave."

With that they, too, hurried off down the hall.

Interlude

As Lord Risotto di Malpropio watched the peasants prepare the site for the Crown Tournament which was to be held tomorrow, his mind turned again to a question which he often asked himself and never answered: "Where do the Peasants come from?" The Articles of Imperialization clearly stated that all members of the Imperium were of the gentry, and in his more lucid moments, Malpropio wondered how the economy of the Imperium worked with no agrarian base whatsoever. "Still," he thought, "things get done so who am I to complain?"

Chapter Twenty-two

"No, no, that one will never do!" Lancelot declared as he made an abrupt pencil scratch on his tally list. He was standing in the back of a large dining hall in Taile Gunnar's inn. Melrose stood nearby awaiting the large knight's judgment of the next candidate. A line of prospective consorts faced him on the other side. The girl at whom the comment was directed burst into tears and fled the room.

"Melrose, I think we are wasting our time here."

"Are you sure, your Archgrace?" Melrose asked. "Number fifteen seemed quite nice," Melrose said gazing at his notes, trying to hide a certain hint of experience. Well, what could one expect? He did have a few spare moments while his master was occupied with other affairs.

"No, sorry Melrose," Lancelot sighed dejectedly. He refused to allow himself to voice fully what he had truly felt. He was bored. All during the day, much as he had tried to concentrate, his thoughts seemed to wander to the khaki-clad maid he had seen in the square the day before.

"Well, that was the last one, number sixty-four. Perhaps, there are a few that we should look at again?" asked Melrose.

Lancelot sighed again and nodded.

"Taile, send in fifteen again would you?" Melrose called through the open door.

Chapter Twenty-three

Jasper locked his door and mounted his horse. Already the members of the Obscurian Peoples' Front were awaiting him in Obscuria. He checked to make sure that he had sufficient copies of the latest issue of the Obscurian Lament and other scurrilous and inflammatory literature packed, and then clucked to his horse and set off to Crown Tournament.

Elsewhere, others were making ready as well. John and Cyrano examined the petitions forged by Bill the Apprentice while Shadrach stood by beaming. Finally, Cyrano raised his eye, "The hand is unsteady, the calligraphy sloppy and the language forced - in short perfect copies of the Wastelandish scribe's art. They should pass without a second glance."

Shadrach smiled, "I had several examples that he could work from and all looked much like this."

"Indeed. John, are all the other preparations made?"

John smiled, "They are, the train is ready to move out towards Obscuria. Wagons, ho!" He called and the small band of conspirators began to roll.

In Warmongeria, Baron Wulfric stood on the castle walls with the leader of the VSPDS watching the last of his crack units ride off. The pot units wouldn't move out until tomorrow, and the drunk units the day after that.

"Well, that's that. Njal, are your comrades ready to ride?"

Njal thought for a few long moments, then pointed down, "Da, my lord Baron."

"Uff!" replied Wulfric, as he saw the rest of the VSPDS ride out the gates on their fearsome War Buffalo. The shaggy mounts tossed their high spirited heads to and fro as their riders played rock-scissors, their own variant of rock-scissors-paper, the paper being removed to simplify the game. "Let us join them, then, and ride for my throne!"

Chapter Twenty-four

Dusk brought Archduke Lancelot, Melrose and their train to the site. Lancelot rode his fine white charger, resplendent in its gold lame' barding, its noble head bobbed

up and down in perfect time with its precise footfalls. Riding somewhat behind were Melrose and what looked like Lancelot's consort. After all his trials, Lancelot had made a choice. She was short and dumpy, overrouged and overfed, and quite undistinguished in her black dress, except for the fishnet stockings and high heels, and the Nazi armband peeking out from the short sleeve of the dress.

Lancelot raised his hand to signal a halt to the train and drew his mount to a stop before the information kiosk at the entrance to the site. The horse stopped with perfect measure, and one dainty, splendidly choreographed snort. After reading the notices on the signboard, Lancelot said, "Melrose, I have an errand I must attend to. It seems that my old friend Sir Duncan mac Dostoevsky has a squire being knighted. I shall go to his squire's vigil, which is being held tonight."

"Who is his squire?", Melrose asked for no particular reason except idle curiosity and to advance the story-line.

"Lord Peter mac Bilt the Slugger," Lancelot read on the sign, "He must be a hard hitter, I guess that's why he's called the Slugger", said Lancelot, ever quick on the uptake.

"No, actually, I heard he had to change his name," said Melrose, correcting his master with an indulgent tone. "I heard he used to be called the Sluggard, but that's not a proper name for a knight."

With that, they prepared for the difficult job that lay ahead. The scheme was easy. No, the hard part would be surviving the night. For they had drawn a campsite in the valley. Not just any valley mind you, _The Valley_. On cue with the narration, Melrose inquired, "Where are we going?" of his master, who was riding purposefully but seemingly without a firm direction in mind just ahead of him.

"The Party Bowl."

"The Party Bowl!" The whispers shot through the party. Mere men had been reduced to drunken gibbons by even passing through that valley, and they had to be up early to make ready for Crown Tournament. This would be a test of manhood equal to the labors of Hercules, Melrose thought, and almost as difficult as that time he tried teaching His Archgrace not to kick peasants for fun. The party rode on toward their campsite.

John, Jasper, Cyrano, Shadrach and Bill and a rowdy band of cavaliers arrived at the information kiosk just as another large party rode off. The group riding off was undistinguished, save for the large ducal coronet which John could see sticking up above the silhouettes of the other riders, and the odor of cheap cologne wafting in the air.

John waved his hand in front of his nose, trying to shoo away the foul odor which he recognized as "Eau de Five-timer", popular among the Ducal crowd. He read the schedule on the kiosk. "Awards, Drinking contests, the usual. Hmm, this might be interesting, Knighthoods." John didn't care about the ceremony, but he could usually find something to say at a vigil which would be inflammatory enough to start a large brawl, which was worth a laugh or two. "Lord Peter mac Bilt is getting knighted."

Shadrach spoke up. "That's the man I was going to speak for." He sniffed haughtily. "I even waived my usual speaking fee. I have this long speech prepared." He pulled a sheaf of loosely collated notes from his saddle bag.

"How came you to know this man?" Jasper asked.

"Well, he had a bit part in one of Bill's plays - awful of

course," Shadrach said.

"The acting?"

"No, the play."

The Warmongerian party arrived at the Crown Tournament site near nightfall. They rode in full battle array, their mounts swaying under them. They passed the generally stunned crowd, stopping now and again to acknowledge the cheers of the few planted partisans by flinging at them one of their souvenir monogrammed VSPDS war-axes.

They mowed their way to their camp site, tying their War Buffalo to the posts of the nearby the signs which read "ALL VEHICLES MUST BE KEPT OFF SITE". The buffalo munched happily on the signboards as the VSPDS set up their Viking A-frame pavilions, except for the new recruits who used pre-fab dome tents spray painted with dags.

As they settled in for a heavy night's drinking, plans were being made across camp.

Fatima O'Rourke, unconcealed beneath half a layer of flimsy gauze adjusted her chainmail bikini briefs for the thousandth time. How the blasted belly-dancers could do this sort of thing regularly was beyond her. She gazed out past the fire towards the salivating men who were watching the medieval bump and grind that her Belly Dance strike force was performing, and smiled. Jocko himself was present and the combat dancers were already plying him with plum wine and spiked grape juice. Most of his officers were in the process of being rendered unfit for combat, either through sheer exhaustion or through complicated mixed drinks guaranteed to give even one of the Baron's military statues a hang-over. Satisfied, Fatima stepped back into the tent and reappeared a moment later clad in her khaki Norman tunic with black leather accessories. Silently she slid off into the night.

Across camp, other things were sliding as well. With a sigh, Mistress Rosetta Stone finished instructing Lord Peter mac Bilt in both French and Greek and climbed off the prostrate knight-elect. "Remember this lesson when you are a peer," she commanded and swayed out of the tent, lighting another two candles as she left. Lord Peter stood slowly vowing to always remember what the Laurel had shown him. The tent flap opened again, and Sir Duncan mac Dostoevsky entered slowly, with the lugubrious depression that had made him famous. He paused for a long moment, then spoke. "I see Mistress Stone has made her usual pre-vigil call."

"Yes, my Lord," replied the Sluggard, er, Slugger, "she has made me a great gift this night."

"Yes, but if you wash with kerosene it should not trouble you too much." He sighed. "I have been staving off early arrivals with poetry readings and dirges on my bagpipe, laments to the steppes, but that is starting to pall. Are you ready for your vigil?"

Duncan stopped splashing himself with kerosene and pulled on a white dressing gown embroidered with serpents twining around daggers and the word "Mom" in Scots Gaelic. "I am."

"Then let the vigil begin!"

Meetings and Guilds

The ***Shire Meeting*** is held at Mistress Elizabeth's on the first Tuesday of the month at 7 p.m. For info, call Don Alexandre at 499-0959. For directions to the meeting, call Mistress Elizabeth at 442-3421. **This is an open meeting; all members of the populace are invited to attend!**

Caer Galen ***Fighting Practice*** is currently held at Scott Carpenter Park, just south of Arapahoe on 30th. Practice is on Wednesdays from 6 p.m. until 9 p.m. For more information, call Iarla Irel at 666-9690. Look in Sept. Dorinda for info about when Fighting Practice moves into the fieldhouse.

The ***Sewing Circle*** currently meets every Monday from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. at Mistress Demelza's house in Gunbarrel, 7416 Park Lane Road. For directions or information, call her at 581-0750. Note: meetings will be moved to Thursdays sometime in September. Watch this space.

The Caer Galen ***Brewer's Guild*** meets approximately once a month (we have to see how our projects are coming along, after all). We are interested in meads, methyglins, wines, and beers. If you would like to join the Brewer's Guild, attend one of our meetings, or want more information, please contact Rudeger at 776-4649.

Caer Galen ***Dance Practice*** is held on the second and fourth Tuesdays of every month at 7 p.m. in Scott Carpenter Park - the same site as Fighting Practice. Though our emphasis is on English country dances, we'll try just about anything. [!!!] Come on out and give it a try - the more the merrier! We especially would like to see more men at dance practice! For more information, contact Francesca at 581-9814. Remaining Summer Dance Dates: August 10 and 24.

Officers of the Shire

Seneschal
Don Alexandre Lerot d'Avigne (Jeff Berry)
3000 Colorado #106-B, Boulder, CO 80303
Home: (303) 442-0959; Work: (303) 497-1347
e-mail: nexus@ncar.ucar.edu

Lady Elizabeth O'Byrne (Karen Teel)
1473 Dunsford Way, Broomfield, CO 80020
Home: (303) 465-6131

Herald
Alyce Brown (Katherine Wilson)
1025 Adams Circle #6A
Boulder, CO 80303

Reeve
Lady Francesca di Pavia (Meg Baron)
4520 Starboard Ct., Boulder, CO 80027
Home: (303) 581-9814

Knight Marshal
Iarla Irel Krist of Starry Inn (Bryan Starry)
244 S. Cleveland Ave., Louisville, CO 80027
Home: (303) 666-9690

Chronicler
Baroness Branwynn Ottersby (Wynn Klosky)
2300 Arapahoe #102, Boulder, CO 80302
Home: (303) 786-0996; e-mail: klosky@ucsu.colorado.edu

Arts and Sciences
Lady Marged (Mary Denise Smith)
2888 Bluff #287, Boulder, CO 80301

Hospitaller and Students for Creative Anachronism
Lady Rhiannon merch Iorwerth (Theresa Pauley)
Home: (303) 786-3456; e-mail: pauley@ucsu.colorado.edu

List Mistress
Lady Katya Ana Sylvan (Catherine Bajc)
480 West St., Louisville, CO 80027
Home: (303) 665-7796

Quartermaster
Mistress Elizabeth Freemountain (D. Elizabeth Robinson)
3185 Folsom St., Boulder, CO 80304
Home: (303) 442-3421; Work: (303) 443-3350

The Dorinda
Wynn Klosky
2300 Arapahoe #102
Boulder, CO 80302

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FIRST CLASS

Christina Sheats
2940 Plum Drive
Cheyenne, WY 82001